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was a native of New England, or some part of North America, where he had somehow (miraculously, or at least in some very extraordinary and wonderful manner no doubt,) acquired very deep knowledge and skill in the healing art; and after having performed great and astonishing cures in his own country, had actually crossed the wide Atlantic out of pure kindness and compassion to the sick and infirm folk of this kingdom, most of whose complaints he might be expected capable of removing. The tale very generally took with our good townsmen, and numbers of ailing people, gentle and simple, well-bred and ill-bred, from all quarters, flocked to the im-

postor for relief. Not a few of them also declared, that they had actually derived great benefit from his prescriptions. Thus he went on very prosperously, till an old acquaintance of his unfortunately came to town, blew him up, and blasted his hopes. He then suddenly decamped, and was never since heard of in these parts. It seems he had belonged to a company of strolling players, from which honourable fraternity he had been on some occasion expelled; upon which he took up the medical profession, pretending to be deaf and dumb, and a native of North America.

[*Richards' History of Lynn.*]

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

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TO S. D.

WITH A BRANCH OF SWEET-BRIAR.

**H**ow sweet, how short is beauty's power!

A passing, partial grace,  
In bud, in blossom, or in flow'r,  
In female form or face!

But when the flow'r pervades the tree,  
The likeness is complete,  
Between this fragrant shrub and thee,  
For every leaf is sweet.

May 23, 1813.

X.

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### ODE TO MORNING.\*

BY THE LATE JOHN BROWN OF BELFAST.

**W**RAPT in the russet robe of morn,  
Mark that light ethereal throng,  
On empurpled pinions borne,  
Ocean's bosom flit along:

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\* It is uncertain whether this appeared in print before.

Harbingers of rosy day,  
Daughters of the dewy lawn,  
Who in sportive circles play  
Ere the solar car came on.

To feeble gaze of mortal sight,  
Orient vapours they appear,  
But to all the powers of light  
Morning's mandate thus they bear.

"Hag unhallow'd! horrid night!  
Quickly clasp thy starry zone,  
Fly before the flood of light,  
Hence to nether worlds begone!

"With thee take, unhallow'd night!  
The spectre gaunt, the viewless form,  
And the fell malignant sprite,  
Wont to stride the Stygian storm.

"Seize within thy sable arm,  
The haggard ministers of Hell;  
With thee take the mystic charm,  
The philtre's force, and baneful spell.

"Cease to ravage, cease to roam  
Wolf and tyger, foes to men,  
Haste ye to your hideous home,  
Shrink within your dreary den.

"Ruthless robber! prow! no more,  
Sheathe thy poignard's fervid blade  
Reeking still with guiltless gore,  
Shroud thee in the forest's shade.

"Wakeful bird erect thy crest,  
Plume thy wing, and wind thy horn,  
To the slumbering sons of rest,  
Tell the tidings of the morn."

Thus the balmy breath of dawn  
Warns the world of coming light,  
Now the dale and dewy lawn  
Disclaim the sombre sway of night.

Mark the horizon's vivid verge,  
Crimson glows the rising ray;  
Mark the mighty orb emerge,  
The majesty of perfect day.

The feather'd minstrels of the grove,  
Strain once more the tuneful throat,  
Modulate the lay of love,  
And sweetly swell the early note.

High soars the lark, the theme of song  
With all who deck the muse's shrine:  
How few, sweet bird, of all the throng,  
Have warbled melody like thine!

The pilgrim from his couch of care,  
Starts at the first grey glimpse of day,  
Prefers to heaven a silent pray'r,  
And slow resumes his weary way.

Again the rustic toils commence,  
That mark the farm-yard's busy scene;  
The flocks forsake the encircling fence,  
And careless crop the pasture green.

The herd with lowing voice upbraid  
The milk-maid loit'ring with her pail;  
Perchance some shepherd met the maid,  
And stays her with a tender tale.

The peasant seeks the upland field,  
And know, ye palsied sons of wealth,  
The plough he guides has power to yield  
Serene content, and hardy health.

Expanding flow'rets now display  
Fragrant scent and vivid hue,  
Imbibe the calorific ray,  
And drink the genial draught of dew.

Already has the Convent bell  
Stopp'd its matin, sullen tone;  
Now the choir's symphonious swell  
Elevates the enraptur'd soul:

Now the soft seraphic song  
Trembles towards it solemn close;  
'Tis pity superstition's tongue  
Can whisper woe in strains like those.

Hark! across the boundless heath,  
The horn's full tone invades the air;  
Alas! I fear it dooms to death  
Some timid stag or piteous hare.

The muse has wept with many a tear,  
The harmless trembler of the wood;  
Oh! generous youth, the fame forbear  
That's tinged with unrelenting blood.

Altho' the lamp of studious youth  
Sheds on his toil its midnight blaze,  
Betimes he springs in quest of truth,  
To trace the scientific maze.

But see! across the woodland glade,  
His morning step is wont to stray;  
Reclined beneath the leafy shade,  
Perchance he weaves the simple lay.

Perchance, fair morn, he sing thy charms,  
And dwells upon the lovely theme;  
For me, while youth my pencil warms,  
I'll gladly paint thy orient beam.

When closing life invokes the muse,  
To cheer the gloom of hoary age,  
Thy charms, fair morn, I'll re-peruse,  
In nature's vast, and various page.

And when thy soft and ruddy cheek,  
I learn to view with silent scorn,  
Oh! may my fancy soar to seek,  
In other spheres another morn.

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#### DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND AGRICULTURE.

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*Extracts from an essay, No. 18, on the excellent qualities of Coffee, and the art of making it in the highest perfection. By Benjamin Count of Rumford, F.R.S.*

THE use of science is to explain the operations which take place in the practice of the arts, and to discover the means of improving them; and there is